Gon. I haue bene worth the whistle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the winde
Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition,
That nature which contemnes it origin,
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
She that her selfe will sliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnesse to the vilde seeme vilde,
Filths sauour but themselues, what haue you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reuerence the head-lugd Beare would licke;
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded;
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a Prince, by him so benefited,
If that the heauens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly must perforce prey on it selfe, like monsters of the deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That beareſt a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eie deſeruing thine honour,
From thy ſuffering, that not know'ſt fooles, do theſe villains pity
Who are puniſht ere they haue done their miſchiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* ſpreds his banners in our noiſeleſſe
Land, with plumed helme thy ſlaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, ſits ſtill and cries
Alacke, why does he ſo?

Alb. See thy ſelfe diuell, proper deformity ſeemes not in the fiend, ſo horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and ſelfe-couerd thing, for ſhame
Be-monſter not thy feature, wer't my fitneſſe

To let theſe hands obey my bloud,
They are apt enough to diſlecate and teare
Thy fleſh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans ſhape doth ſhield thee.

Gon. Marry your man-hood now———

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. What newes?

Gent. O my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwalls* dead, ſlaine by his ſeruant, going to put out the other eie of *Gloſter*.

Alb. *Gloſters* eyes?

Gen. A ſeruant that he bred, thrald with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the acte, bending his ſword
To his great maſter, who thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongſt them feld him dead,
But not without that harmfull ſtroke,
Which ſince hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This ſhewes you are aboue your Iuſtices,
That theſe our neather crimes ſo ſpeedily can venge.
But oh poore *Gloceſter*, loſt he his other eye?

Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a ſpeedy
Anſwer, tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my *Gloceſter* with her,
May all the building on my fancy plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not ſo tooke,
Ile reade and anſwer. *Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſonne when they did take his eies?

Gent. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Gent. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe?

Gent. I my good Lord, twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe.

Alb. *Gloceſter*, I liue to thanke thee for the loue
Thou ſhewedſt the King, and to reuenge thy eyes;